XXX NASTY

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MI Fs

NASTY HOUSEWIVES
PRESENTS

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CAROLINE
DOING THE
NEIGHBOR

SEXY MOM
VANESSA
BANGING HER SON'S
BEST FRIEND!

XXX HOT MILFS

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MILFs

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Publisher: Royce Martine
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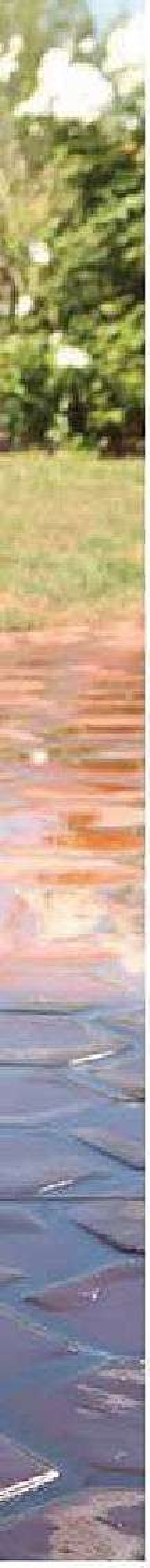
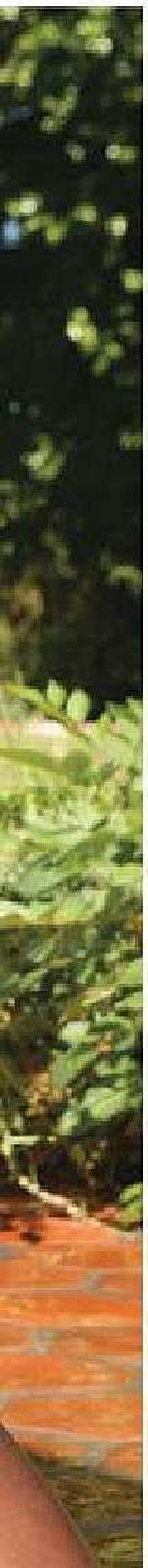
Friday

Working Out, Working In

Friday had a problem with her body image. She felt that she was just a little too heavy and thus, unattractive. Her husband perpetuated the problem by nagging her about her weight and comparing her to her slimmer sister. He hardly touched her anymore, content with a quick BJ. Over time, she became depressed and spent most of her time inside the house, trying to avoid accusatory glances. That all changed when she met Mike, her new next door neighbor who began flirting with Friday when he did get a glimpse of her. He made her feel sexy again and she was more than willing to return the favor.

Her husband's words became meaningless and her new found confidence allowed her to free her inner slut.





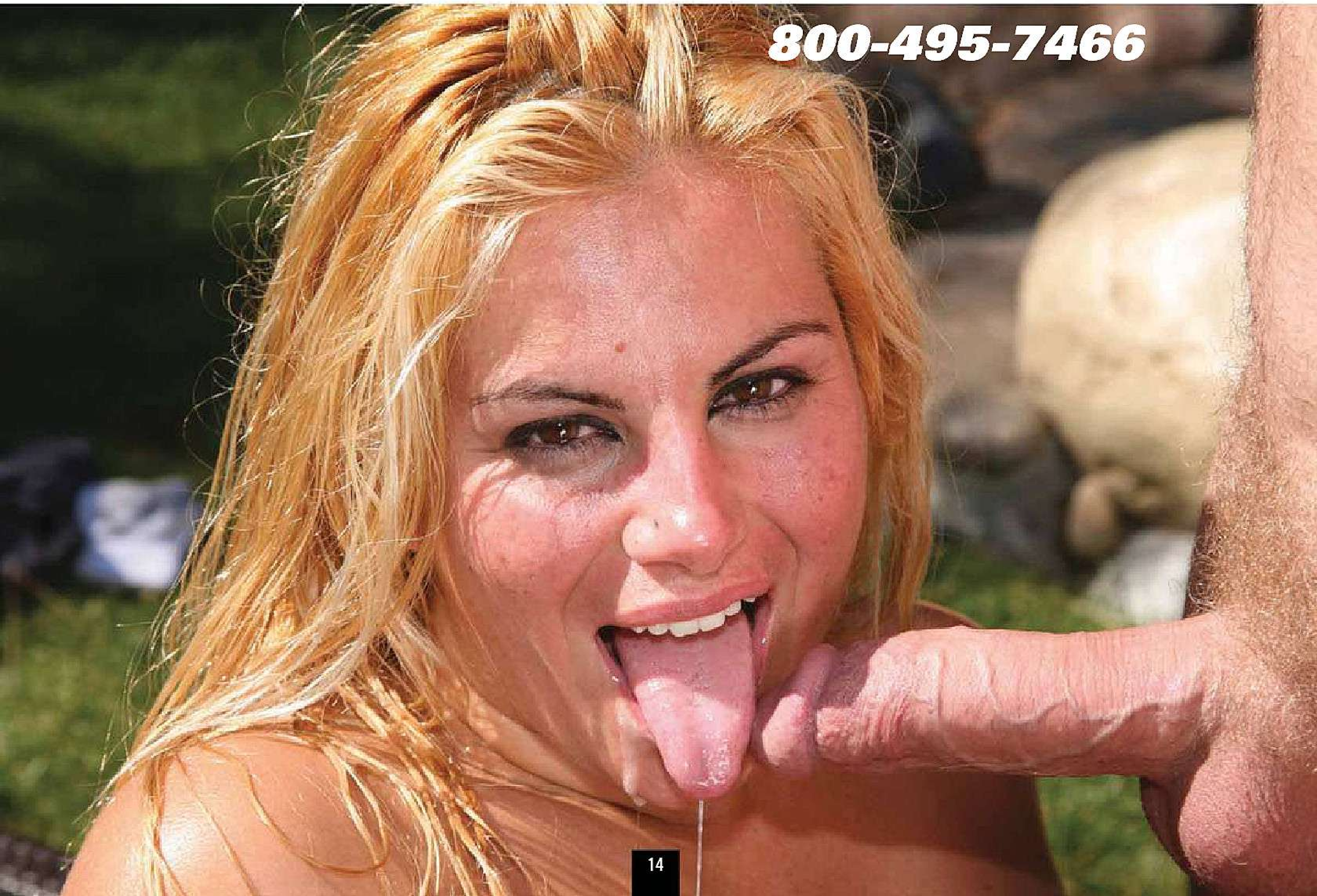
Before long, Friday started putting on sexy little shows for Mike in the back yard,

Mike loved her curves and kept telling her so. It was music to her ears and she wasted no time showing her appreciation. She did love to eat, after all.

Her plumpness extended to her pussy and her meaty lips were a perfect fit for her new admirer.

For a big girl, she sure was flexible.

Treat a woman right and you'll have her eating out of the tip of your cock. Do you have something nice to say to Friday? She's waiting.



800-495-7466

Vanessa

Dude, I Banged Your Mom!

Vanessa had her kids at a very young age and truth be told, she looks younger than her daughter, June. Her son's buddies have been ogling Vanessa's tight body for quite some time and rather than get angry, Vanessa always felt flattered. Nothing wrong with looking, she would tell her husband. As time went on, Vanessa kept on looking better while her hubby had let himself go. He was no match for her son's buddies and their sculpted bodies and boundless sex drives. It was only a matter of time before one of them bagged this MILF.

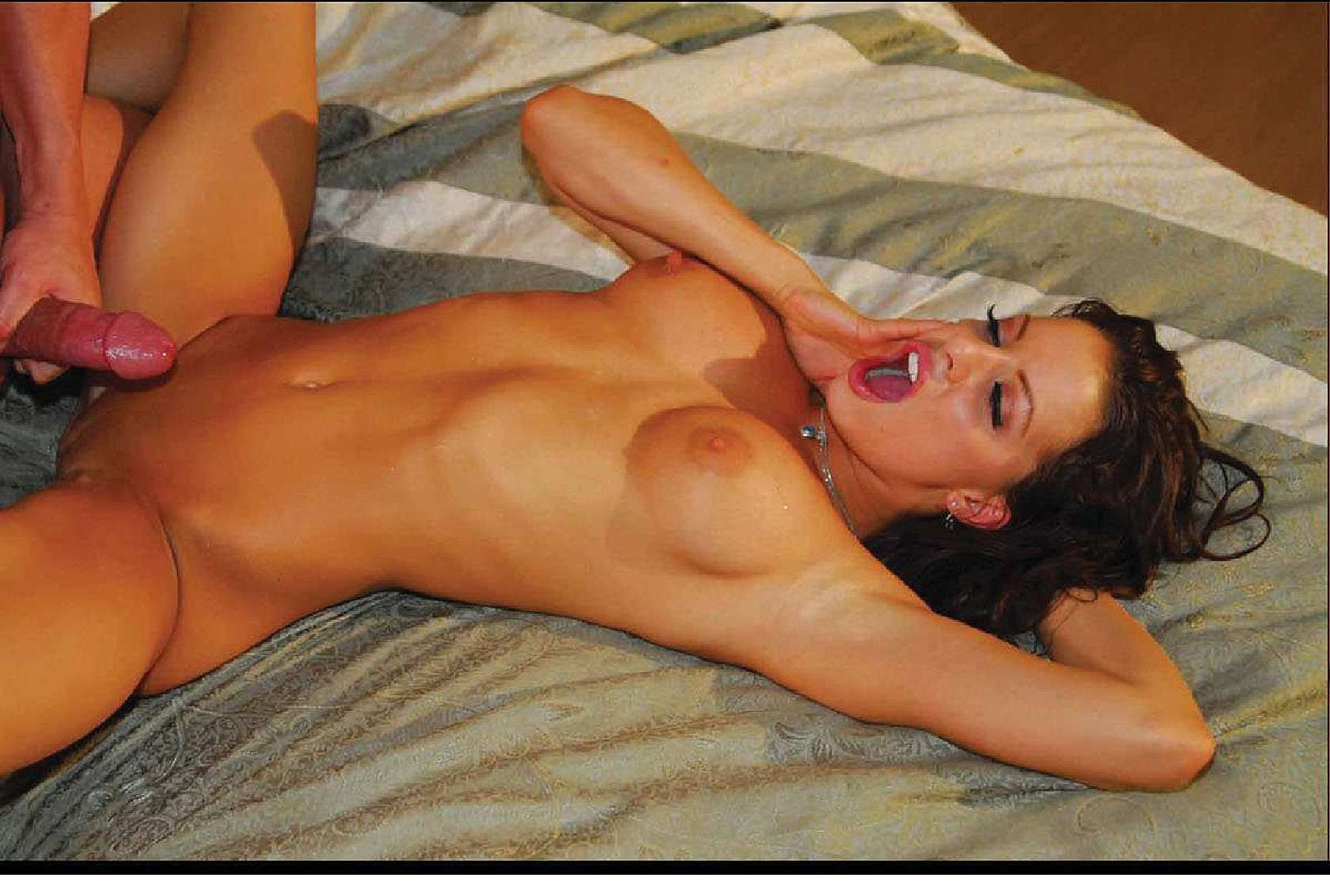
Bobby was her son's best friend and he always was more mature than the other boys. While the others always giggled and snickered when they caught her sunbathing, Bobby always gave a knowing glance and stirred a hunger in Vanessa. She had always resited, till now.

No more limp dicks for this MILF.

He was a lot younger than her husband but he sure knew what to do with his tongue.

He even taught *her* a thing or two, starting with the joys of anal. She felt so full.

Her first anal orgasn at
the age of 42 delivered
by the cock of a babe.



She was spent, exhausted and fully satisfied. Don't you want a MILF?

800-495-7588

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RIOCK OFF!

It was a roiling sea of humanity, the stadium shaking with the crowd and the thunderous music. Lee-Anne and I were in the infield, packed together like sardines with about 10,000 other jumping, screaming, singing people.

The band was some alternative rock trio, warming up for the main act, and everyone was warm – steaming hot, in fact. Lee-Anne was into the music so deep I hardly recognized her, hopping around and shaking her head and throwing her arms all over the place.

I was standing right behind her, jammed up against her. The girl's long red hair slashed at my face, the backs of her hands smacking into me, her bum and body sliding up and down my front side. I was sporting a humming hard-on to show for her efforts, not that anyone noticed.

And as Lee-Anne gyrated her burning body against me, I got a righteously dirty idea about how I could really get off on the music. My girlfriend was wearing a tit-ballooned tube-top and a bottom-swelled pair of shorty shorts. I grabbed onto her like I needed support, rocked by the people around us – grabbed onto her big, soft, humping tits.

She hardly took notice, pogoing up and down like a mad woman. I gripped and squeezed her mambas, pressing my erection into the warm, tight cleavage formed by her fleshy butt cheeks and the stretchy material of her shorts.

People jammed in from all sides, and I jammed into luscious Lee-Anne. Her booty shimmied and shuddered against my pulsating cock, her hooters jumping in my sweaty hands. I started jumping along with her, pumping my prick into her twin-mounded backside, kneading her ta-tas.

She glanced back at me and grinned, her face shining with perspiration, blue eyes slightly glazed.

I got bolder, pulling my hands off the girl's swollen chest and levering them in-between my cock and her ass. I yanked my zipper down and strong-armed my dick out of my jeans. It was as hot and throbbing as everything else in that sun and music-drenched stadium, then I wedged my fingers into the back of Lee-Anne's shorts and pulled them partially down. Her plump, pale butt cheeks plopped out into the open, right up against my hard-on.

I slammed in between her bare cheeks, sinking my cock into her soft, heated butt cleavage, and pumping. She let out a squeal and rattled her head and her bum back and forth, as the lead singer up on stage shrieked incoherently into the mike, and the electric guitarist strummed to the skies, the pair blowing the roofs off houses in a five-block radius all around the stadium.

I rewrapped my arms around Lee-Anne, only this time, I pushed my mitts right up under her top and grabbed onto her bare tits. Fuck, they felt good! Like my cock in her butt cheeks. I squeezed the huge, ripe pair and rolled her rigid nipples between my fingers, fucking her ass tunnel.

The decibel level hit 200, the crowd roaring as the shirtless drummer beat his skins like they were on fire. I churned Lee-Anne's butt cleavage in rhythm to her frenzied jumping, hanging onto her tits and pinching down on her nipples. Sweat poured off my face and body, my cock a molten length of steel between Lee-Anne's ass humps.

I pumped harder, faster, mauling her milkers, getting jostled on all sides. I'm not sure she even fully realized what was happening, or fully cared. But my bouncing sack was boiling with seed, the impromptu public booty-frotting and titty-groping driving me wilder than the long-haired freaks up on stage.

"Fuck, yeah!" I rasped in Lee-Anne's ear, clutching her tight to my burning body.

And then I really went with the music, carried away by the passion. I dropped a hand off her tit and onto my dick, pulled it out of the girl's ass cleavage and pointed it at her slit. I probed with my cock-head, shouldered head spinning, hood finding her gash, just as wet and juicy as the rest of her – finding her opening.

I speared my prick into Lee-Anne's pussy, driving fast and hard, as the music, up her tunnel. She kept right on bouncing around, her spasming cunt muscles sucking on my cock, the girl not even aware in the frenzy that I'd just laid down a track in her twat.
No one else noticed, either, too busy yelling and screaming and singing, surging up and down in the sea of humanity, but I noticed, and so did my cock. I squeezed the gonzo redhead's tits and pumped her slit, thrusting my hips to the frenzied beat of the music, pounding in my cock like the lead guitarist was pounding out the chords.

It was crazy train stuff, totally wild. Lee-Anne jumped around on the end of my shunting dong, fucking herself as much as I was fucking her. I buried my face in her sweet-smelling ginger hair and torqued her cunt and tits and nipples.

My hips moved rabbit-fast, hands gripping and crushing, then I jerked, jolted by fiery orgasm. Jizz jetted out of my pink-sleeved cock and up into Lee-Anne's tunnel, filling the oblivious girl to overflowing. I sounded off harder and more voluminously than anyone there.

Then the song was over, and I was drained. The crowd calmed down a bit.

Lee-Anne looked back at me. "You really got off on that one, huh!?"

I nodded, blinking stars out of my eyes, sliding cock out of her cunt. It would take two more songs and the shirt off my back to get us separated and cleaned up a bit. Not that anyone noticed.

-Tom Darden

Jessica

It's Never Too Early

Jessica knew the value of a good education. After all, she had met her wealthy husband at an Ivy League school where she worked in the library. Although her kid was only a toddler, Jessica wanted him to get into the best pre-school while her husband, not wanting to spoil him, insisted on a public school education. He half jokingly suggested to his wife that if she could get the kid in without any help from his influence, he would let him attend. Like many men, he underestimated his wife. She was willing to do anything.

Only two men stood in her way, the Dean of Admissions and the Headmaster. Needless to say, they quickly arranged for an interview when after she slipped these pics into the application,

The interview was rather unorthodox but effective nonetheless.

Jessica was pretty impressed with the thoroughness of thes two men. She was certain she had made the right choice.

Ah, the things moms will do for their children.

And just like that, Jessica's pride and joy vaulted to the top of the list. Is there anything you can offer?

800-347-8928

Caroline

A Friend In Need...

Caroline was devastated when she discovered that her best friends were splitting up. They had known Jim and Monica for years, practically spending every weekend together. To make matters worse, Monica was not only leaving her husband but the state as well. Things just wouldn't be the same. Jim was heartbroken and angry that his partner would just up and leave. Sure things had changed but he figured that they were just going through a rut and couldn't figure out his wife's new need to discover herself before it got too late. Depressed and lonely, he resigned himself to a life without love. He would have never in a million years guessed what was to happen next.

Carolyn and her husband couldn't stand to see their friend this way. What could they possibly do to cheer him up. How about a pair of DDs?

Carolyn took matters into her own hands and jumped Jim in the room where they enjoyed so many good times.

Her husband loved seeing his sexy wife with another man's cock in her mouth. She was the best wife in the world. And the best friend a man could have, for that matter.

Soon, Jim forgot about his ex-wife. Kinda easy when your cock is surrounded by a pair of juggs like these.

These two are true friends he thought as Caroline licked his cock.

Do you need help with a break up?
888-220-4277

Roxxxy

The Customer's Always Right

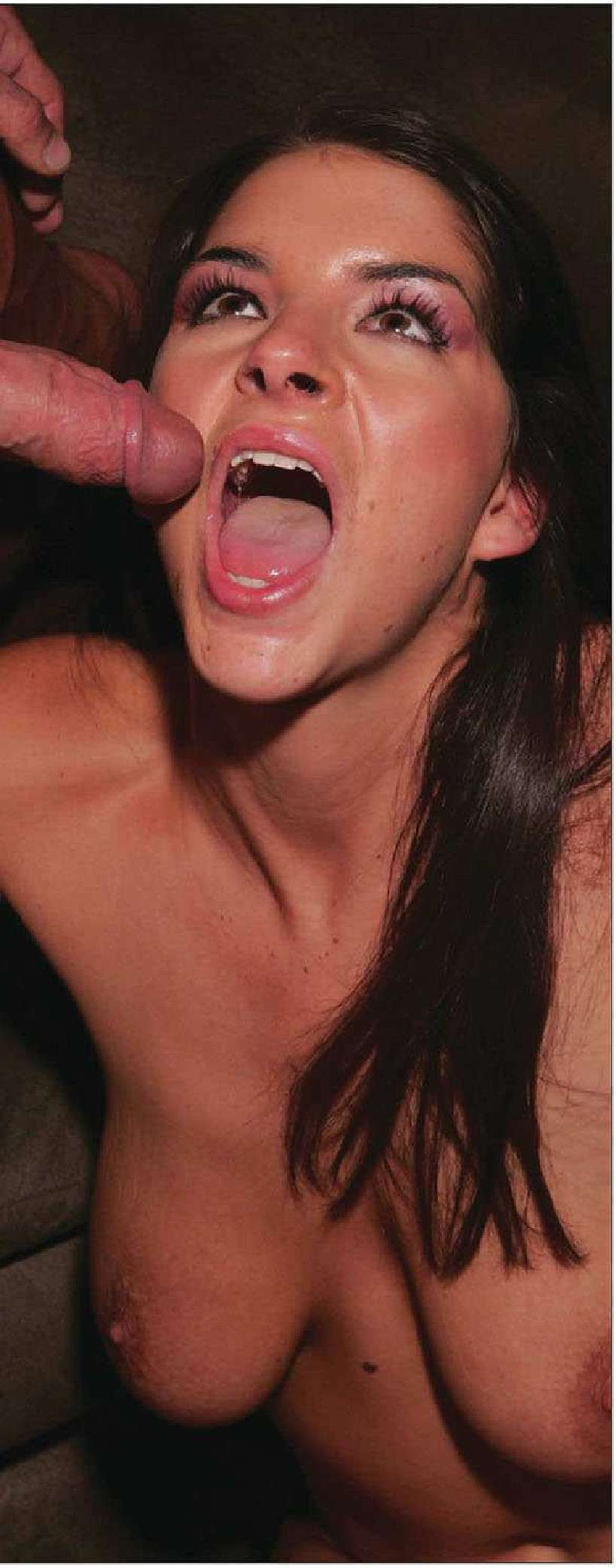
Roxxxy was one tough customer and you'd better be ready to offer many extras if you want her business. Her and her husband had recently puy in an expensive swiming pool and she was certain that they'd installe the wrong liner. She was going to get to the bottom of this even if it meant using her bottom.

It’s hard to get good help
these days. Or is it?

The installer could have sworn he put in the right model, it was even written on the contract. However, it didn't take long until he was willing to renegotiate.

“I think you’re right,” he uttered as Roxxxy slammed her ass on to his cock.

"You bet I'll throw in the heater," he groaned.



Can you give her this type of service?

888-331-2548

Rita

Who Needs Love When You've Got Lust?

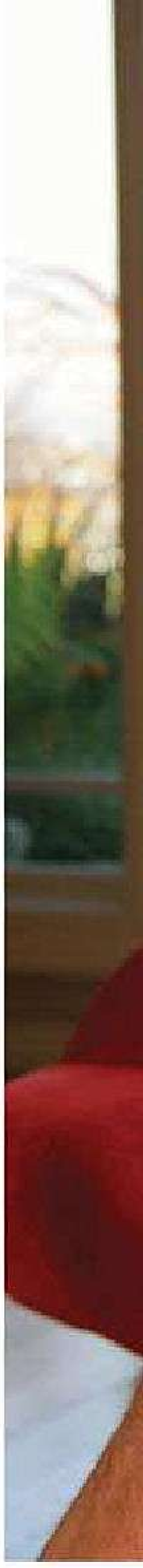
Rita had no use for a husband. “I’m not going to take care of any man, nor do I need any man to take care of me,” she used to tell her married friends. She was a single mom who did just fine, thank you very much. Needless to say her no strings attached outlook made her a very populat lady, since the only thing she wanted a in a man was a good fucking. “Just be sure you’re gone in the morning.”

Rita's got a very healthy sexual appetite and when the urge does call, she's got no shortage of eager lovers.

Some of them, like this guy right here are the husbands of her friends, always looking for a little action on the side. It's the perfect arrangement for Rita and he knows it.

He'll fuck her twice a week, then go back home for dinner. Rita has no ethical dilemmas with the arrangement as she sees it as a night off for his wife.

After all, Rita knows his wife don’t let her man near her asshole. Her loss.



He's gone minutes after he creams her and that's just the way Rita likes it. Care to join in on the fun?

888-356-7588

Regan

Light My Fire

Regan's been into role playing for as far back as she can remember. Sadly her husband doesn't share her prediliction for fantasy and adventure and she's contented herself thus far by using her imagination, drifting off into favorite scenarios during sex with her hubby. She thought it would be this way forever until that fatefull day when she forgot to turn off the stove and a sexy fireman came to rescue her from both the fire and from her hum drum sex life. Fantasy has finally turned into reality.

His ex loved being on display. She told him that filming their sexual encounters made her feel like a real porn star and took away the stress of her day job, in which she had to play the role of the serious lawyer. Little did he know that all her co-workers had seen poses like this, in the flesh.

Someone call 911.

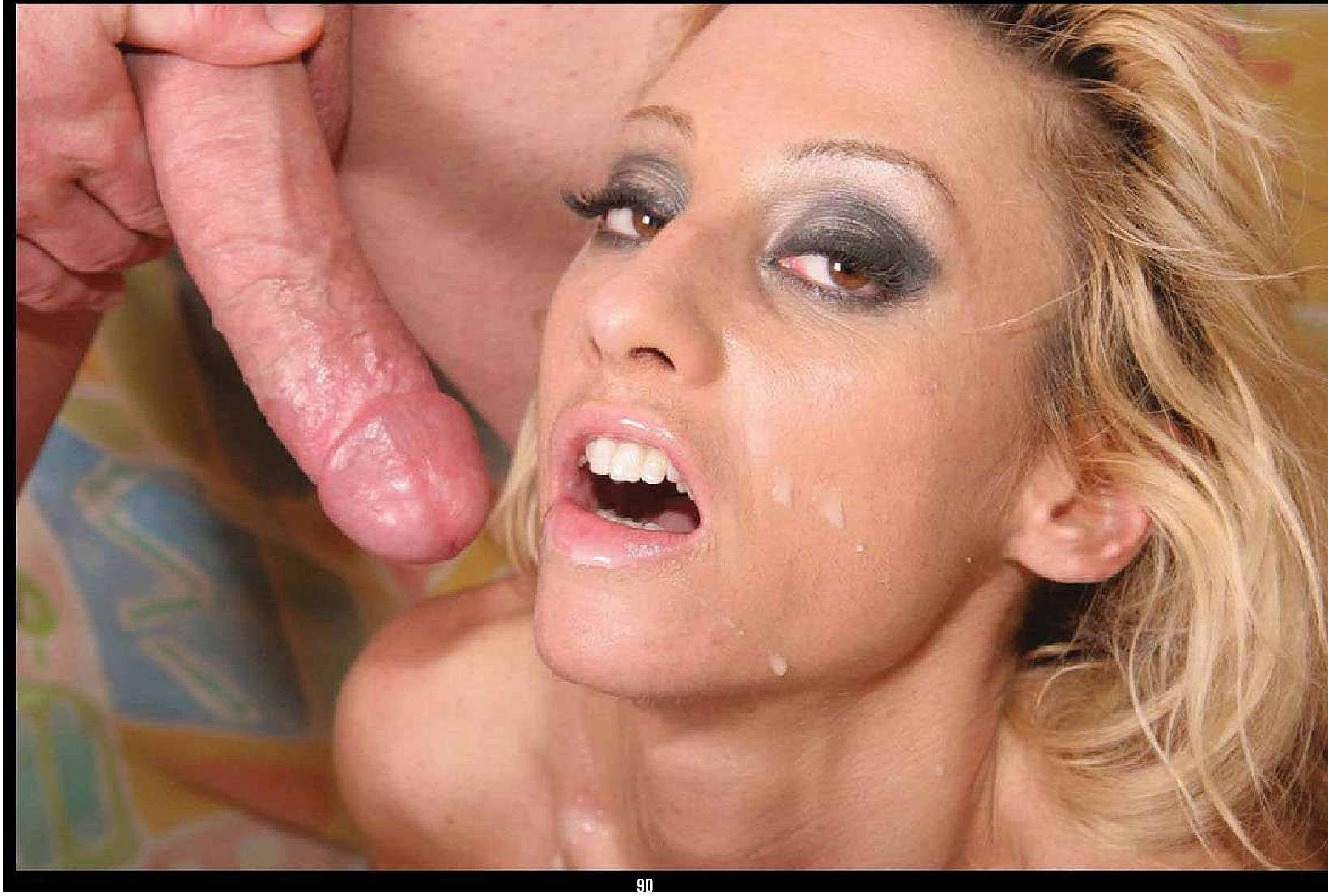
A fireman's most valuable piece of equipment is his hose.

She feels a little guilty for cheating but all hubby had to do to satisfy her was to put on a hat once in awhile.

She's always wanted to ride on the fireman's pole.

And just like that, the fire was doused with sticky cum. Can you help her live out the rest of her fantasies?

888-393-6725



Fan Fare

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MILF

"You're such a hot MILF," he said. The tone is his voice is playful, yet serious.

"A what?" my voice sounds groggy as I force my eyes open and lift my head. Our naked bodies are entwined as we lay together on the burgundy sheathed mattress. The website had called this a yoga platform, but this was definitely a bed. The ad had also called this a day spa, but it was essentially a hotel room, rented by the hour, which you could pay for with cash. We had decided is was the perfect place to have an affair, and that is what we are using it for.

"A MILF." This time, said with arrogance and absolute disbelief that I have not heard this acronym. My blank stare into his face, along with my 'I have no idea what you're talking about' half smile, keeps him talking. "'Mother I like to fuck.' Or, in this case, I should say, 'Mother I love to fuck.'"

"Really? There's an acronym for that?" I was giggling now at this new bit of information. This world was so interesting to me, and there was so much I didn't know about it and wanted to learn.

"You amaze me sometimes." This is said in a matter of fact voice.

"Why?" I'm giggling harder now.

"Here you are a sexually-liberated, swinging woman, but sometimes you seem so innocent." His smile is wide and stretched across his face. So many things about him are boyish. His hair is cut short and stands straight up in a longer version of a crew cut. His eyes sparkle as he speaks and thinks, and it seems as if they are a direct window to his brain, perhaps his soul. His nose is narrow and sits perfectly in the middle of his face. His lips, big, puffy and soft, are almost always curled into a smile that sits upon white teeth, which are slightly rounded on the bottom.

He sticks his tongue between his teeth as he laughs, and I notice how I can tell his mood by the way he smiles. I lean toward him and kiss his mouth. He cannot stop smiling, even to kiss me, and I kiss the front of his teeth as he laughs. He makes a little breathy panting noise and then composes himself, getting serious. He looks into my eyes and shakes his head a little. I feel my cheeks flush as I sit up and he takes me in his arms. He tucks the strands of my hair, which have fallen in my face, safely behind my ear and then kisses my mouth. His lips are soft and our mouths move together.

"Your time is up," comes over the intercom. I can picture the Asian man face, from the front desk, perfectly. He knows us pretty well now, and I often wonder what he thinks.

My shoulders slump and I pout my lip. He kisses me, laughing again. He gets in the shower and I dip myself into the tub. I feel the stickiness of his cum as I rub it from my pussy. I think about the past hour.

As usual, I had picked him up at his office. In the morning, I had explained to my husband that I had a lunch meeting, or maybe some extra paperwork to do, and that I would probably be heading back home later in the afternoon. This had been typical of most Thursdays over the past seven months, and my husband really no longer questioned me. It was true that the office I worked in had no cell reception, and if he called while I was with him, I just didn't answer, explaining I didn't get the call.

I only worked here once a week, and every time he could, we'd meet. We couldn't kiss in the car because someone might see us. So on the way to the spa, we chatted, flirted, and smiled at each other until our cheeks ached. Once in our private little spa room, with the door locked, twinkle lights and relaxing spa music on, we'd get to it. We had one hour to express how we felt. In this hour, we'd need to work out the arguments, disagreements, ideas, plans, and jokes that took place between us via phone, text, email, and instant messenger the previous week. The hour was always jam-packed and never felt long enough.

Today, we had been arguing. Some pretty heated emails had flown back and forth the last few days, and today, when I picked him up, I was guarded and upset. Once the spa door was closed, he rushed to me. He took me in his arms and kissed me with an amazing amount of passion. He had apologized in the car, but I know it was this kiss that melted my inhibitions. He whispered that he loved me and I answered him back in a whisper. The clothes came off slower today than usua,l but we both could feel the weight of the clock.

I was standing facing him, my back to the bed. He was wrapped around me and my naked body was pressed to his. I felt his cock growing against my skin, and although he held me tight, it was very gentle. His cock was warm and stiff and I pressed it harder into the flesh of my body. He laid me back slowly and looked into my eyes as he entered me. We never use protection anymore, and the feeling was incredible.

His head gently spreading my lips, slowly pushing deeper, he spread me further open. I gasped at the feeling. He clenched his jaw and I could see the pleasure on his face. As he pushed it deeper still, my pussy formed to him like a glove. He stared at me and his gaze made me feel like the sexiest thing on earth. He gave another thrust and I felt his balls press up onto my ass. I squeezed his cock with my pussy and he moaned in response. We began to rock together as he pulled in and out.

"I love fucking you this way." He was smiling now. "I can't do this when we're all together. I love to look at you. You are so beautiful." I felt a new wave of crimson flood my face. I giggled and looked away for a moment.

We had met months before at a swing club, and the four of us had started to see each other frequently. Our spouses weren't as crazy about each other as we were, and we had taken it upon ourselves to secretly pursue our relationship further.

He brought his mouth to mine and the weight of him on me felt nice. I reached around him and stroked the short hair at the nape of his neck. It was thick and soft. I rub my hands along his back. He is very tan and I ran my fingers in circles on the little patches of dry skin. My skin looks so pale next to his. He is pumping hard now and I feel my clit rub on the skin above his cock. I arch my back and angle my hips so that the pressure is greater. My breath is heavy as the pleasure increases. I begin to moan and he responds with more friction and pressure. I feel myself slipping from the reality of the moment. I close my eyes.

"No, look at me," he says, caressing my face.

I force my eyes open and fight to keep them that way. He pumps and grinds and my clit starts to send out sparks. I feel the muscles of my pussy contract and grab onto his cock. I can no longer control my moaning and it sounds raw, almost animalistic. I feel tears prick at the corners of my eyes and I realized I can no longer be mad at him. He does not let up and it happens suddenly and unexpectedly.

My clit begins to spasm and I lose control. I stare into his eyes and the taboo of this moment is, in and of itself, a thrill. I clench with all my strength and hold on, waiting for the quivering to stop. When it settles, I tell him I want to ride him. He looks satisfied with himself for pleasing me and he pulls his cock out slowly. I sit up and his cock is right in my face. I stick out my tongue and lick him. My juices taste sweet and salty and I cover his cock with my lips.

Clenching my lips tight, I force his cock into my mouth, forcing apart my lips, and entering my hot moist mouth, he moans. My tongue cradles the bottom of his shaft and I suck. He groans. I begin to work up and down his shaft with tight lips, busy tongue, and suction. I take him deep into my throat and I look up at him seductively. His smile is so big as he looks down at me, I cannot help smiling back, even though my mouth is full of him.

I push harder and feel the head of his cock pound into the back of my throat. I move harder and faster, and when I check this time, the smile is gone. The look on his face is satisfying to me. His brow is furrowed and his mouth relaxed. His lower jaw is pushed slightly forward, with lips parted. His eyes are serious and gaze upon me with adoration. His breathing is growing heavy, and suddenly, he pulls out. He quickly sits upon the bed and pulls me on his lap. I swing a leg over him and my pussy is so wet it slides right down onto his rock-hard cock.

I tighten my muscles as I ease myself up and down on his cock. He is still sitting up and slowly, I feel him release his hold around me.

Slowly, he lies back and I sit up straight. I am bouncing faster and harder on his cock now and he brings his big hands to my tits. They are bouncing up and down with the rhythm of our fucking. I feel hot and a drip of sweat runs down my back.

I noticed the tinkling of bells in the silly spa music. The music is practically drowned out by the breathing and moaning escaping the two of us. I can see his focus changing. He darts his eyes away from mine to gain composure and then comes back to stare into mine. We are connected, not only by our bodies, but in a deeper way. We feel reckless, rebellious, dirty, yet so tender and loving.

I can see him peaking and I do not slow down. I continue to ride him as his moans get louder and less controlled. He does not look away, and as his expression distorts with intense pleasure, I feel his hot load fill me. I feel him spurt and twitch inside me and we both exhale dramatically. Our bodies relax, but I stay here, perched on top of him. I can feel his cock is still stiff inside me and I rock my hips a bit. He stops me by bringing his hands to my hips. He squeezes me and compliments me on my tiny waist as he lifts me off of him.

He guides me to the bed on my knees, this time, not my back. I am on all fours, but I arch my back and come down to my forearms. He groans at the sight of my huge ass in the air. I can feel his cum dripping from my pussy and running down my leg. I hear a popping noise, followed by rubbing. He lubes my asshole quickly, with aggressive fingers. As he climbs up behind me, I hear him stroking himself, and then he guides his lubed-up cock to the tight, tiny hole. I feel the heat and pressure of him pressing on the flesh and excitement rushes through me as his cock begins to force its way into my ass.

There are feelings of pleasure as he pulls the skin apart with his hands and his cock works its way in slowly. I grip fists full of burgundy duvet cover as I prepare to take him. He is tentative, and I feel my body relax. I push back against him, burying his cock into my ass.

There are little sparks of pain as the skin stretches, numbed by intense waves of pleasure as he pushes in and pulls out. My wet dripping pussy is throbbing, and as if he can read my mind, he brings a hand around to cup it. He takes the whole thing in his hand and presses lightly. I moan in delight as two of his fingers enter my pussy. I feel so full, and with his fingers buried deep, he starts to rub my clit with the palm of his hand. The movement is clumsy as he speeds up the thrusting of his cock. I feel overwhelmed with pleasure as my pussy contracts and clenches his fingers.

"I'm going to cum, baby," I manage to choke out with a broken, desperate voice. He doesn't relax, but pushes harder on my clit and thrusts his cock into me deeper, harder, and faster. His breathing accelerates and his thrusts become small and fast like his breath. His fingers slip from my pussy and he grabs my flesh in his fist as my clit convulses. We grunt in unison, and I feel his hot load burst into my asshole.

I smile as I crash down onto the mattress. He falls with me and lays on my back, his cock still buried in my ass. His weight smashes my tits flat and we both lay, gasping for air. Our breathing and heartbeats return to normal during whispered chatting and fingertip caressing.

The bang of the shower door brings me back to the moment and I look over to find him drying himself with a towel. I rub along my pussy, which is still tingling, to make sure all the cum is washed away. I stand and he hands me a towel. There is a mixture of sadness and satisfaction in the air. He's got his boxers on, sitting on the edge of the mattress. I'm standing naked, about to reach for my clothes when he speaks.

"I wish we had another hour." His voice is tender and his fingers reach out to outline the shape of my breasts and waist. I smile at him and he knows that I wish for the same. We dress side by side, and after checking my hair in the mirror, I open the door and we walk out into the sunshine. We get in my car and he snatches the parking ticket from the dash.

"No paper trail," we say in unison and laugh at our like minds. An array of mixed feelings wash over me, knowing that in less than 10 minutes, I will be calling my husband to let him know I'm on my way home from the city. It's not guilt, exactly, that I feel, although there are hints. I've come up with very strong rationalizations of why this affair is not that bad. I also strongly believe he will never find out, and that since I love him, we have amazing sex, and he lets me fuck this man while he fucks his wife, it's not really that much of an offense.

I am saddened that I cannot kiss my lover's lips when we say goodbye. I watch him walk into his office building in my rearview mirror as I drive away. I sigh to myself and smile, thinking back on the afternoon. I begin to think about the adventure that may lie in store next Thursday. I put on my headset and begin to dial my husband's office.

-Chloe Cox

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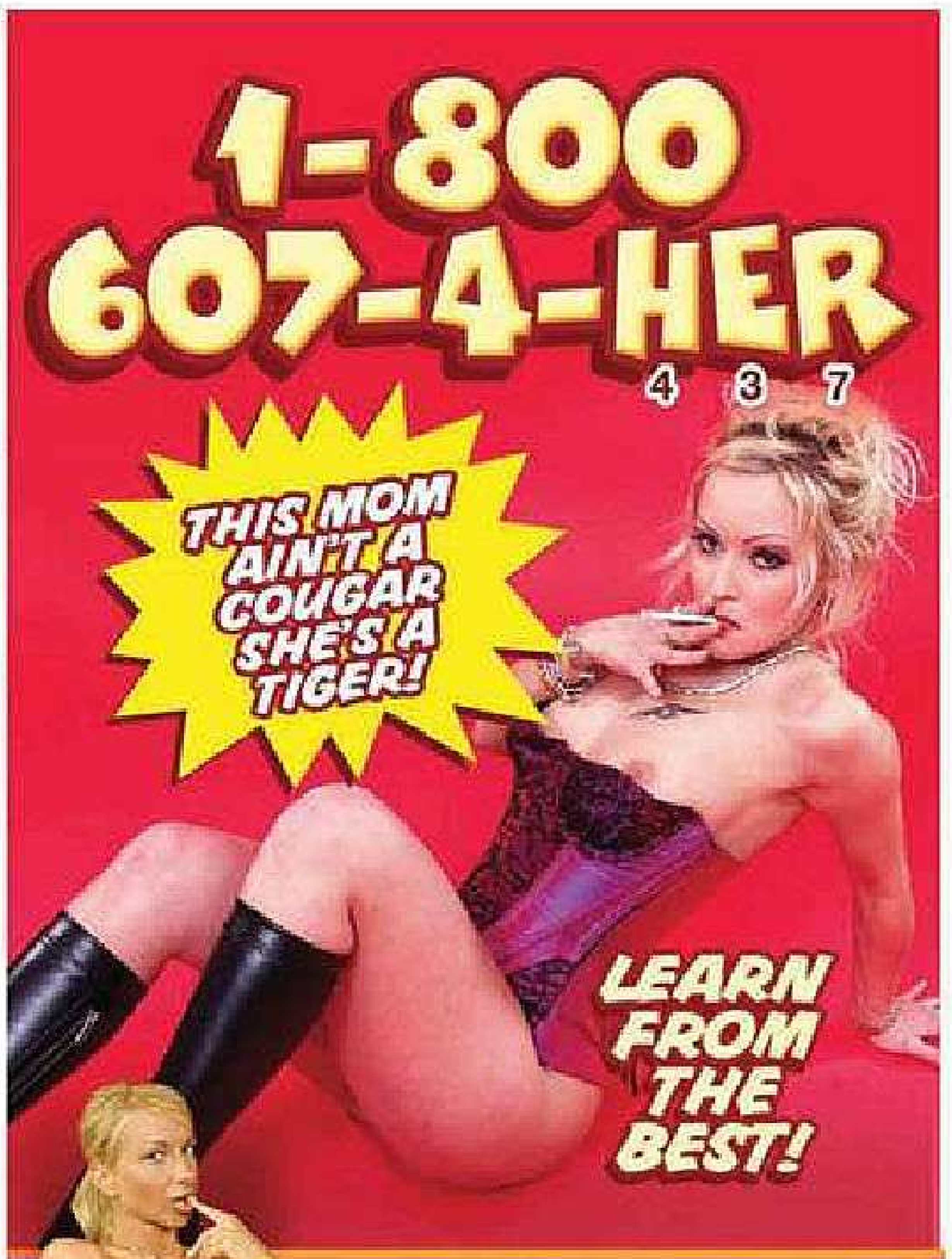
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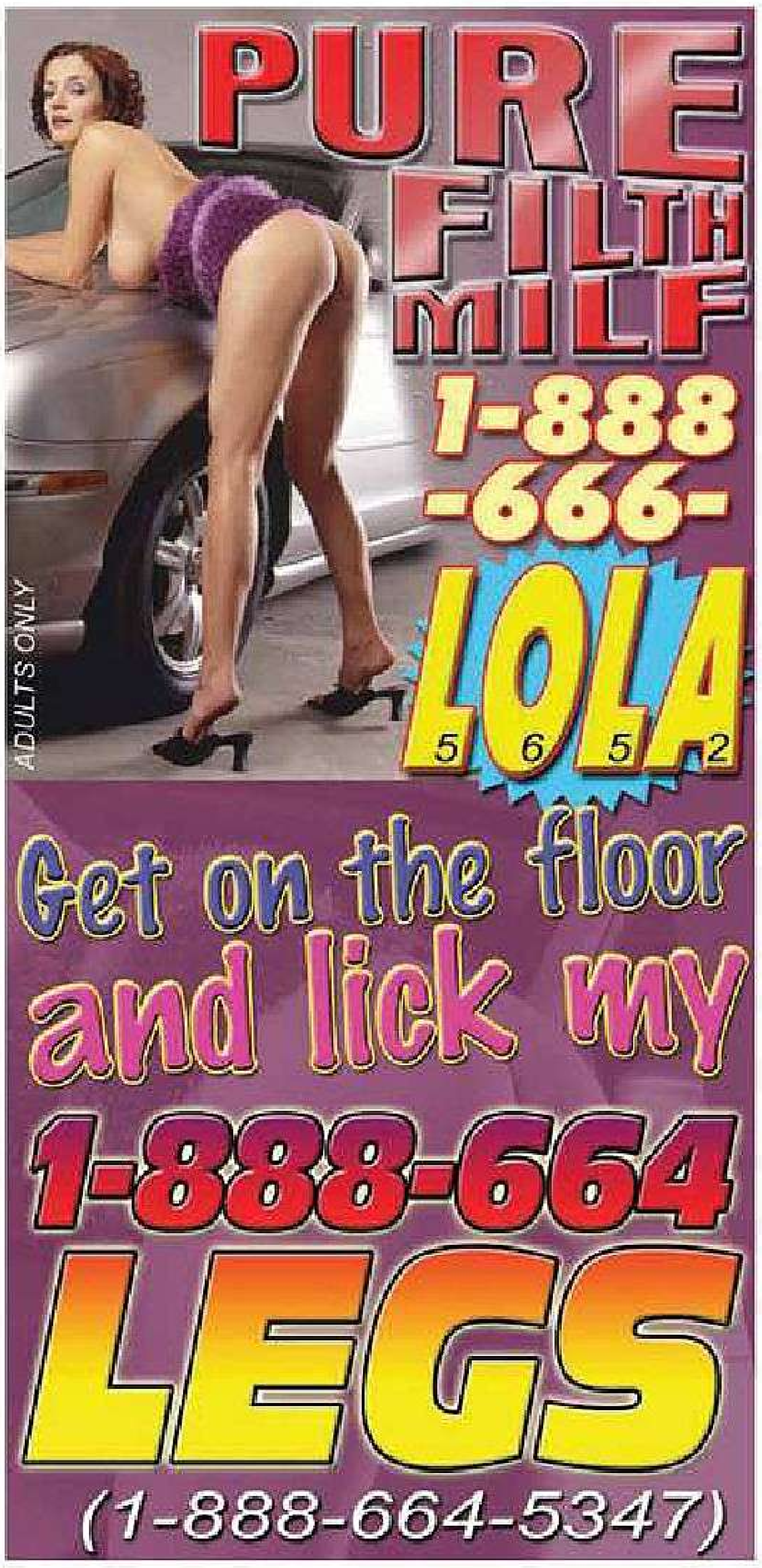
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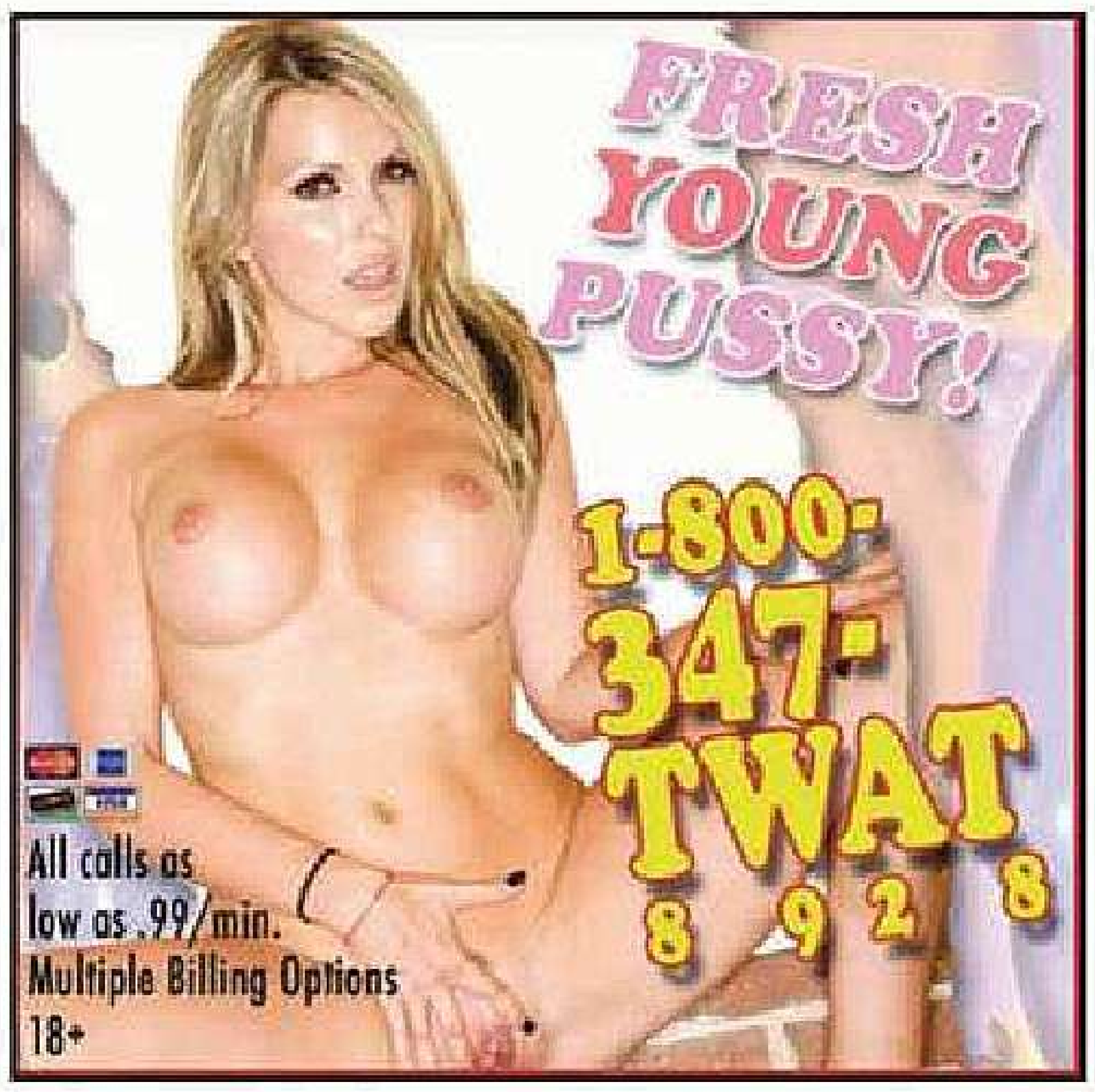

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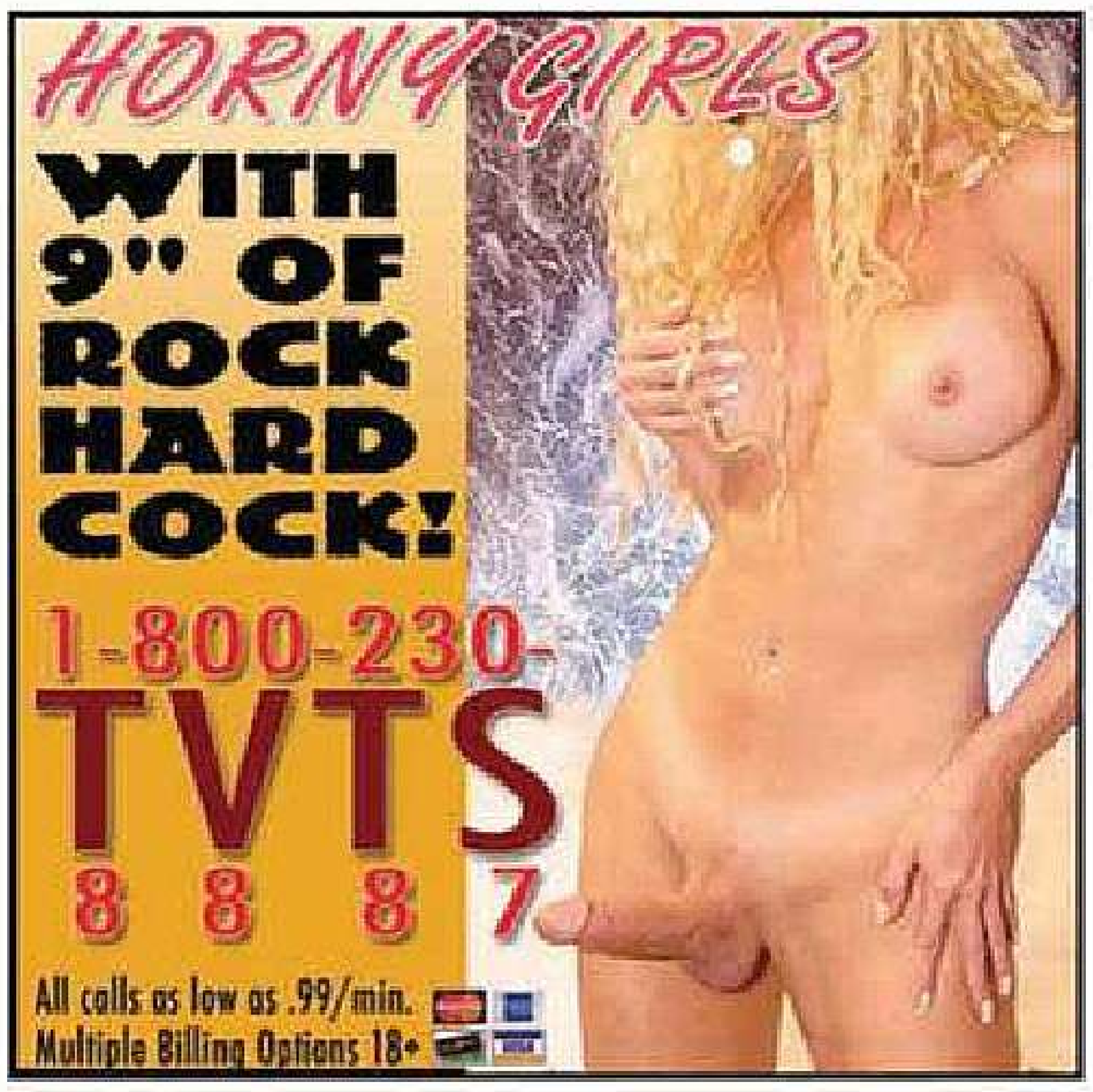

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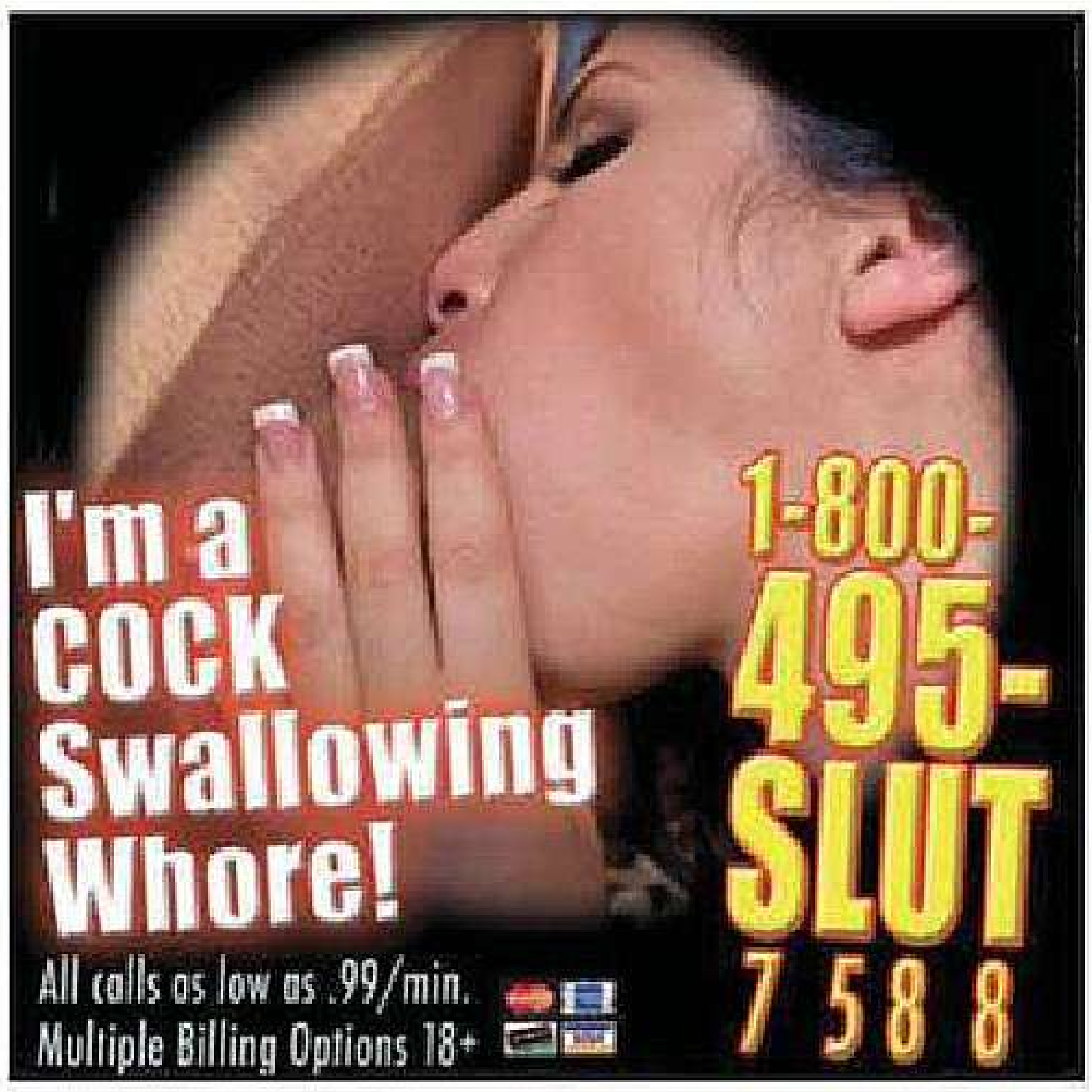

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